

Manasseh explained that he had visited Tyre and Gaza and had seen their walls, and that he had also been to Egypt and seen the temple walls of Thebes. Nehemiah was delighted.

"Ah, so that's it! No wonder you know more about it than the rest. I wish you could see Shushan, or Persepolis! Persepolis, especially—the palace there is the greatest single structure ever built anywhere in the world—the work of Darius and Xerxes! But look here, you understand what is needed better than anyone I have seen in Jerusalem; you must make me sketches for the whole wall, with all the nine gates, and the towers to replace all the old ones; you know where they stood, I suppose? That is, you can tell from the foundations?"

Manasseh, a good deal dazzled by this prospect, murmured that he supposed he could. Already his imagination was racing ahead; what a thing to do for Jerusalem, this work Nehemiah was putting upon him! And not just offering it to him, but ordering him to do it! A line from one of his temple songs shot through his mind:

Do good in thy good will unto Zion;
Build thou the walls for Jerusalem!

He was to answer that prayer!

Nehemiah, in his nervous, rapid way, was talking on. He had brought a surveyor with him from Persia, and this man and Manasseh must begin at once to go over the ground and stake out the work. Manasseh must then carry his plans and sketches on from the Tower of Hananel, west to the corner and then south, and so on all the way around to the Sheep Gate where he had begun.

"Why, you have done an eighth of it already," said Nehemiah exultantly, "and with this to go on, you can have the plans out tomorrow, can't you? Get any help you need, of course. Here, take my signet," and he drew a massive ring from his finger. "This will give you all the authority you need."

Manasseh took it with low obeisance.

"But, your Excellency, the foundations must be cleared and cleaned, and the stone brought in; I can have the plans as soon as the builders are ready to begin, say the third day."

Nehemiah's face clouded, but only for an instant. Then he spoke.

"Very well, I suppose you are right. The day after tomorrow. That will give you the rest of today, with my surveyor, then tomorrow with whatever help you need, to get your plans ready for use at daybreak next morning. Take some large room about the temple. Just show my ring to the High Priest." He seemed to have forgotten that that functionary was Manasseh's grandfather; Manasseh now had a personality of his own for the governor.

The surveyor was summoned and introduced, and Manasseh and he bowed themselves out of Nehemiah's presence. They went at once to the High Priest, who was not a little bewildered at their news, but as soon as he could recover himself, assigned them

THAT OLD ROAD

*There's an old dirt road that runs along
The cowslip-bordered stream
Where willows lean to hear the song
And water lilies dream;
An old dirt road, not traveled much
And at its bend, I see
A friendly waving hand, and know
What pleasures wait for me;*

*An old dirt road that winds itself
Around a corner, where
Running down the old dirt road are memories to share.*

*For every heart sometime, somewhere,
Has known and longed to be
Where an old dirt road winds in and out
In a land of Memory.*

By

GRACE SAYRE

a draughting room, and sent orders to have it cleared. Then a busy afternoon, with all the help they could get, with measuring cords, stakes, crowbars, picks, and mattocks, in and out among the broken, bush-covered, blackened ruins of King Manasseh's wall, till the stars came out and darkness stopped their frantic labors.

Manasseh went home, tired and dirty, but very proud, to tell Nicaso all about it, and show her the Tirshatha's signet.

WHEN, on the third day, Manasseh presented the finished plans to the governor, and handed back his signet, Nehemiah again embraced him, crying:

"Well done, my son! You are a man after my own heart. It is worth coming all the way from Susa to find one Jew like you in Jerusalem! Perhaps you do not know why we must make such haste, but we have enemies who are trying to delay us until they can get our firman to build the walls withdrawn at Susa. It is now or never, then! Now go! You shall be my superintendent, and act for me in supervising the carrying out of your plans."

No commission could have been more to Manasseh's taste. Inspired by these words of generous praise, he set to with a will. From that day forward for two months, from dawn till dark, he was architect, superintendent, and inspector by turns, making the circuit of the rising walls on his mule half a dozen times a day, his plans in his hand, the Tirshatha's surveyor riding by his side. And every night he anxiously figured what had been done against the total that must be accomplished. The governor was almost as constantly on the job, following out every detail with the closest interest, and he and Manasseh became great friends.

The hostility of the neighboring

towns did not abate, however. Sanballat and his friends Tobiah and Geshem the Arabian heaped derision on the enterprise. The report went around that Tobiah said a fox could push over any wall they could build, and Sanballat had been heard to ask what they supposed they were about; could they fortify a great city in a day? He had evidently heard of Nehemiah's building schedule.

They became so menacing that when the wall was half up all the way around, threats of positive violence reached the builders, and stern measures were taken. While half the people hurried on the building of the walls, gates, and towers, half of them stood by under arms, prepared to rally at any point about the city that might be attacked. From dawn to starlight this was the program. The men who lived outside the city were required to stay inside it at night to be ready to defend it from a night attack, and for a time, the governor and his bodyguards did not take off their clothes at night.

Manasseh shared these anxious vigils with Nehemiah. On one of their night watches, as he attended the governor on his rounds, they stopped to rest in the half-finished Tower of Hananel, at the northern angle of the city. It was a magnificent summer night, and Nehemiah fell into a reminiscent mood. Manasseh made bold to ask a question which had interested him for a long time.

"How did you ever manage to get the Great King's permission to come here and do all this?" he ventured.

Nehemiah was not annoyed by this bold question. In fact, he seemed almost eager to explain.

"Well, as you know, I was a Hebrew living in Persia; my people were taken to Babylon when Jerusalem fell, long ago, and they were never able or

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Page Seven

WALT WHITMAN'S HOME—A Na

THE home of Walt Whitman in Camden, New Jersey, has now become a state shrine. New Jersey has recently received from the city of Camden the deed to the land and the premises known as 330 Mickle Street. Walt Whitman bought this property in 1884 from Miss Jennie Hare for the sum of \$1,750. It was the first and only home he ever owned. His father, Walt, however, owned the poet's birthplace near the town of Huntington, Long Island, and young Walt lived there with his family until he moved to Brooklyn.

The Good Grey Poet passed the last

nineteen years of his life in the small frame house on Mickle Street. Many things had to be done to the place: decayed window sills and a leaky roof had to be repaired and the entire house had to be repainted.

Outside, near the curb, is an old oblong-shaped stepping stone.

Three narrow steps lead up to the main entrance which opens into a long narrow passageway. At the left was the poet's living room.

Here many things once belonging to Walt Whitman are on display. There are several pictures of the famous man—in fact, there are fifty-two in

all. He was extremely fond of pictures and always surrounded himself with them. In the small show-case on the mahogany table is a worn silver spoon which once belonged to his mother and a large pen similar to the kind he was accustomed to write with. There is also a large fan which he frequently used.

Near the window is the last chair he sat in—a large wicker rocker. Another larger rocker presented to him by Thomas Donald—son—is close by. On the wall hangs the note Whitman wrote to the donor thanking him for the gift.

An old oil lamp on a very high standard is close to the fireplace. This was given to the poet by Mary Davis.

One extremely interesting item is the payroll made out in the Attorney General's office during the Civil War showing the salary Walt Whitman received as a male nurse. Several pictures of his father and mother are included in his things. The poet bears a very marked resemblance to his mother. In a corner stands his old hickory cane.

There are two wills: one in which he left all except the place to his mother in trust for his invalid brother and another in which he bequeathed to his two nieces the house itself.

On the mantle is an old clock decorated with cherries which have been partially obliterated by the scratches of a pet parrot. After this same parrot died, it was stuffed and is now on display.

On the wall is a long letter written by the poet to a friend. He had been interrupted by a call to dinner. When he resumed the writing of this letter, he included the complete menu of the meal he had just eaten. An extremely interesting document!

There are some very large jagged pieces of cardboard bearing Whitman's name and address used to identify his luggage. These pieces of cardboard were removed from his trunk by his brother after the poet's death.

In the big show case can be seen the poet's Bible and his dictionary. Also in this same case is his big broad-brimmed hat and his huge slippers. There is a copy of one of his books here translated into Chinese and several fine old pieces of Chinaware which have been handed down in the Whitman family.

Above: Whitman's bedroom at the Whitman House, Camden, New Jersey

Left: His library filled a part of the spacious bedroom



tional Shrine

By
AGNES CURTIS

THE narrow passageway leads to a square room beyond which can be seen a dooryard enclosed by a high fence. And just outside the door is a large clump of lilac bushes which immediately suggests the poet's famous poem: "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloom'd."

The spacious front room upstairs overlooking Mickle Street was the poet's bedroom. Most of his furniture is still there but unfortunately his bed was lost in a fire. The round metal "splash pan" presented to Whitman during his last illness is now among the prized relics of the home. It is some six feet through the center with five-inch high sides. Among other things given by friends was a high hospital-type bed, a rubber water-filled mattress and a portable bathtub. He spent \$300 for a bathroom which is still there in the house. This was in 1886 when such luxuries were unheard of. Thus, the erroneous reports that this man was untidy and dirty are definitely disproved.

A semi-invalid, some friends presented Walt Whitman with an especially-built carriage and a pony. This group of friends included Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Greenleaf Whittier, former President Rutherford B. Hayes, Oliver Wendell Holmes and General Phil Sheridan.

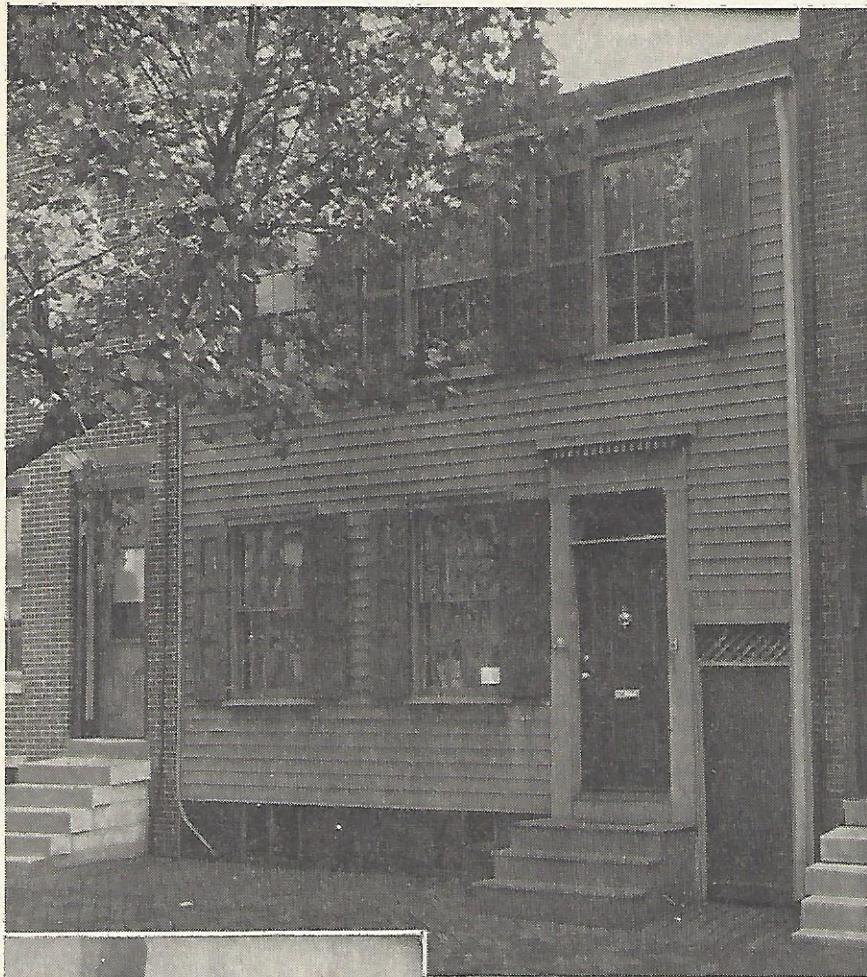
One step down and then across a small hallway is a square room that overlooks the courtyard. This room is similar to the one directly below it. A white and yellow cat glides furtively like a ghost from room to room. Walt Whitman was very much attached to cats and always owned one.

The very spirit of Walt Whitman seems to pervade this simple unpretentious home.

To the people of Camden, many of whom remember the poet as an old man with a long flowing white beard, this shrine will mean the recognition of their greatest citizen. It will also give Camden prestige as being the place where an American genius lived.

Walt Whitman came to live in Camden May 20, 1873 to be with his mother who at that time was with his brother George on Stevens Street. His mother had been dangerously ill and Walt, though ill himself, made the journey with great effort to his brother's home.

November 27, 1949



Exterior of the Walt Whitman House, 330 Mickle Street, Camden, New Jersey. It is maintained as a state historic site



Whitman in his favorite chair. This picture was taken in 1885

Photos from New Jersey Dept. of Conservation

It was during his first years in Camden that Walt received an English visitor, Robert Buchanan. On his return to England, Buchanan told his friends that the leading poet of America was on the verge of starvation. English admirers immediately made up a purse which seems to have reached Whitman in various installments. The complete record survives of one such draft in the amount of \$125. Whitman accepted the money with deep gratitude.

With the exception of this gift and a few other "similar" presents, the poet seems to have earned his living from boyhood on. Leaving school at the age of twelve, he became apprenticed to a printer. He went from printing to school teaching. Then he reported for newspapers and did editorial and magazine writing until his hospital days when he lived on his clerical salaries and the royalties and the direct sales

of his published volumes of poetry and prose. He received many gifts of money from friends while he was in Washington, D. C., but he spent it all on the wounded he nursed, for papers, stamps, fruit, bandages, and clothing. Always frugal in his tastes and careful with money, he was able to support his mother after his father's death and to take care of an invalid brother with some help from his brother George.

In 1890 The Harleigh Cemetery Association presented Whitman—already a famous figure—with a burial lot of his own selection in a secluded wooded section not far from the main gate. He designed the family vault, the contract for which, bearing his signature, is one of the historic exhibits in the poet's home. It is in keeping with his life-long devotion to his family that the tomb in Harleigh Cemetery holds the remains of most of its members: Louise Van Velsor Witman (mother); Walt Whitman (father); George Whitman (brother); Louisa Whitman (George's wife); Hannah Whitman Hyde (sister); Edward Whitman (brother), and Walt himself.

The Walt Whitman Fellowship formerly established in Camden was made up of a group of friends of the poet who held together after his death to do him honor. They always met on his birth anniversary and in other ways kept his memory bright. Then after the death of the leader, the Fellowship merged into the Camden Citizen's Committee to persuade the city to acquire and preserve the poet's home. After that, the Walt Whitman Foundation was established. Now with the cooperation of the state, efforts are being made to improve the neighborhood and to enhance the attractiveness of the museum.

With state-support, the house now becomes one of New Jersey's best-kept shrines. A huge fire-proof safe will be built for what is expected to be the world's most complete library Whitmania. Moreover, Oscar Lion, a New York City manufacturer, has stated that he will give to the home his collection of Whitman manuscripts regarded the finest in America. Other Whitmania at the University of Pennsylvania, Duke University, and the Library of Congress will be microfilmed and kept at the shrine.

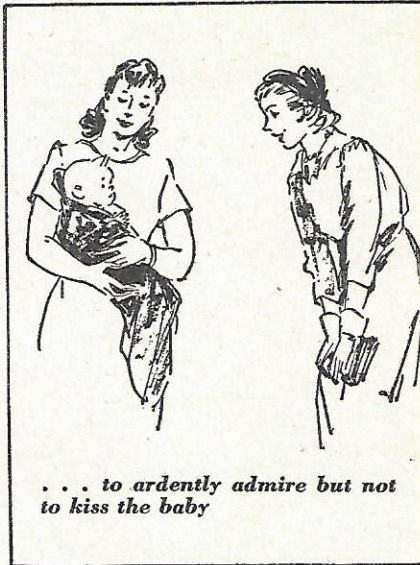
When Whitman's works were first published, they were not at all well received. However, as time passed, his genius was gradually recognized. The Poet set himself the task of uplifting the life of man into the sphere of poetry. He was an idealist dedicated to realism. He always sought the good and great while at the same time, he faced stern and irrevocable facts. His verse is rhythmic—a kind of irregular chant of which many examples may be found in the English translations of the Psalms and other biblical poems.

The philosophy of Walt Whitman is briefly stated in one of his lines of poetry:

"The universe is duly in order; everything is in its place."

YOU ARE RIGHT

By ROBB and CATHERINE BEEBE



The Big Dealer

Continued from page two

trust his voice; and instead of grading papers Ethel dropped her head in her arms on the desk and wept bitterly. She did love him; she still cared. But this, she knew, was the end. But it had to come soon or late, and she had prophetically known the break was going to take out her heart and leave nothing but ashes. It was late in the night when she mechanically completed the grades and laid the papers on Dr. Fairhair's desk for him to perform the technical task of putting on the grades. Ned's was second from the bottom, among the five-per-cent "F's."

Ned may not have believed she would turn his grade in as an "F." At the last moment, he seemed to hope, she would relent. She was standing in the room, off in a retired corner, after posting the quarter's grades on the bulletin board, when Ned came in with some of the other students to check and read his standing. His face was hard, his eyes set, when he went out again without having seen her. This was not only a blow to his graduation, it was even more to his prestige. Some of the fellows grinned at him diabolically. The man who big-deals may win a certain kind of admiration from his fellows, but Ned was learning the hard lesson that such a man gets no sympathy when his deal goes down.

In the following days Ethel did not allow herself to hope that Ned would return to her. If she had, she would have doomed herself to disappointment. Sometimes she would see him at a distance, maybe alone, as often as not with Jean Faircloth or Fanny Mae Brown, or another of the attractive senior girls. If she encountered him in the student center at the coffee counter she tried hard to keep up her composure. She must not act either furtive or estranged.

But she could dream. She dreamed that he came to her with shining face admitting that he'd been a sap and

humbbug, and begging her forgiveness and asking her to take him back. It was a pretty dream. She waked from it only with her heart eaten more completely out. Things in real life have a way of turning out for the worst. In real life romances very often come to bad ends. Ned not only was unforgiving or unrepentant; he was reputed by the campus grapevine to be in trouble at the dean's office. Only because he was a senior and had a good record for his first two years was he on probation. Ned, rumor said, had pledged himself to get down to study. What part was fear, what part his manhood and ability asserting itself Ethel could not guess. Perhaps a fair content of both.

If he had really waked up then, what she had done was the jolt that shook the mountain back into place. That had been her aim. It had cost a scar on her heart that still had most of its healing to do. She could hope she had done him a service he would some day rise to thank her for.

Yet she could not be sure until another quarter had passed and Ned should show by the rise of his grades what was happening to him. He had taken no more work with Dr. Fairhair. Thus Ethel could not check on him firsthand. When the midterm grades were posted over the campus she went about checking on Ned's. She sighed, both happy and sad. He had picked up in all his courses until now he appeared to have a solid "B" average.

"He may make this better by the end of the quarter," she thought; and added, "I knew he had it in him."

She knew, as one gleaned such news, that he had dates with other girls, and increasingly. Not with one girl, but with several of the seniors. Sometimes she knew sharp stabs of jealousy when the girls at the dormitory informed her. But she struggled hard against the unbecoming emotion. That Ned might be jealous of her did not occur to her mind at all. So it was not for that purpose that she began to accept dates with other young men. She cared for them only as friends; she went about with the feeling that life had failed her.

At the close of the quarter, Ned had lifted his grades to three "A's" and four "B's." It was his best record since his junior year. Probably he was gritting his teeth and saying, "I'll show that gal! Ethel and all her ethics!" He'd coined the phrase chiding her because she had given him a "B" instead of "A" in one of the English courses.

It was a glorious spring. The glory of it never reached into her heart. She had planned long ago that when spring broke through again she would be planning her wedding with Ned in June after his graduation. The best she could do now was to meet him with a show of normal friendliness, and cover her sinking heart, so he probably never had the least idea what she had paid for her ethics. Then it was commencement and Ned was not among the caps and gowns.

Ethel went on working through the summer school and taking full work. She saw Ned return to work off his conditions. He was taking courses that

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